THE GRATITUDE OF THE POOR

By JOHN WORNE

What a clever girl your dear Mildred is!" said Mrs. Gravier.

Mrs. Wareman smiled complacently, as one entitled to some credit for it.

"How invaluable for an evening party like this!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Wareman.

"I wonder what she is going to make us do next?'

She had already taught them three intellectual games with pencils and slips of paper. The less intellectual of the company were feeling exhausted.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wareman, "I shall be very sorry to lose her."

"Lose her!" said Mrs. Gravier. "But where is the danger?"

"There is always danger," sighed Mrs. Wareham, with on approving glance in the direction of Teddy Bland.

Mrs. Gravier followed the glance.

"Oh, I see. That kind of danger. How interesting. And are they really—'

"Not yet," said Mrs. Wareman, lowering her voice. "Not exactly. But one can always see these things coming, if one looks out carefully."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mrs. Gravier. "Of course. And who is the pretty girl he is speaking to now?' Mrs. Wareham put up her lorgnettes. Then followed a sniff.

"She is a—a kind of niece of my husband's. One has to ask her, you know; it is an act of charity, though I never feel sure that she duly appreciates it."

"There is nobody so ungrateful, I always find, as a poor relative."

"And at this very moment she is disregarding my wishes—I cannot help thinking, willfully. I particularly mentioned when I sent her in to dinner with that young Mervin, that I wished her to—er—entertain him throughout the evening. And there he is, sitting by himself like an owl—"

"And who is he?" asked Mrs. Gravier.

'Oh, just one of the clerks from the office, brought in to fill a gap—this is confidence, of course, my dear.'

"Of course. How could you imagine that I should ever—"

"And now she has been monopolizing Mr. Bland ever since the gentlemen came into the drawing-room."

Mrs. Wareman's mouth hardened into a thin line.

"Er—Winifred, my dear!" This in a loud voice, heard all over the room.

There was silence.

"Yes, aunt."

"I think I hear Willie crying in the nursery. Would you mind just going up and seeing what he wants?"

Winifred flushed slightly and rose from her seat beside Mr. Bland.

"And—if you wouldn't mind staying with him for an hour—he finds it difficult sometimes to get to sleep, and you know how the darkness terrifies him.'

Winifred faced her aunt for a moment with a glare of defiance, but realized at once the necessity of surrender. Her lip trembled, but she controlled herself and went out without a word.

Teddy Bland stroked his chin and looked at his hostess and her charming daughter out of the corner of his eye.

Mildred, triumphant, came up with a winning smile.

"Oh, Mr. Bland, do you know the game called 'Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?' "

"No, I'm afraid I don't." He rose and looked down at her with an expression she did not at the moment quite understand. Her brilliancy and her liveliness dazzled him. He seemed, for a man in comfortable circumstances, distinctly dazzled.

"No," he said, "was it part of the game that your cousin should leave the room?"

"Oh, no; but we have allowed the nurse a little holiday and—and Winifred always manages the children well."

"I see,' he said.

"Of course, she likes doing it," said Mildred.

"Of course," he bowed his head gently in agreement. "Children are always delightful at all hours. But let us play this—this, 'Pigs in Clover.' "

"No; 'Animal, Vegetable or Mineral.' "

"Right; am I to be in it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Wareman, "a most entertaining game. Mildred, dearest, explain it to everybody."

"Yes," said everybody, "how delightful!"

Mildred took the meeting under her wing.

"Well, it is very simple; one of us goes outside and thinks of something—"

"And then comes in and is made a fool of," said Mr. Bland.

She tapped him playfully with her fan.

"Not at all; if he is clever he can make everybody else foolish."

"That part shall be mine," exclaimed Mr. Bland, "and what shall happen when I come in again?"

"Why, then we all ask you questions to which you are only to answer 'yes' or 'no,' till we find out what you thought of."

"Oh, how beautiful," said everybody. "Yes, let Mr. Bland go out."

"I don't think it ought to be Mr. Bland," said Mildred. "I am sure you are awfully good at asking questions?"

"Not a bit. Leave that to the ladies."

"Why shouldn't Mr. Bland go out?" said they all; and Mildred could give no reason, though she felt instinctively that there was one.

"Perhaps two of us had better go out and think of something jointly," she suggested, "I will go."

"Oh, no!" they cried, "then who will be left behind clever enough to ask the questions?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed Mr. Bland, "you will leave them helpless without a leader."

Mildred gave it up. She saw that it would not do to be too anxious to go out with him without a chaperon.

Out in the hall, Teddy Bland began to think hard, as instructed. The first thing he thought about was whether it would be possible to find the nursery without making unduly impertinent inquiries of the servants. If Willie would only give a hint as to the direction by crying out again—

Little Willie seemed ready to oblige. Most distinctly it was a sob—but the nursery must be very near—or it was a most penetrating sob.

He stole on tiptoe to the door of the room known as the library, because all the other customary names for rooms had been used up, and otherwise it would have been nameless.

In the darkness there was something white. It was too large to be little Willie, but it sobbed again.

Softly he stepped in, shut the door and turned on the electric light. Winifred raised a red and tearful face in alarm, gave a little shriek, and looked round for the door. Then she blew her nose and went casually to a bookshelf.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I have been sent out here to think."

"Oh!" she said. "You mean—some game."

"Yes; was Willie afraid of the dark?"

"He—he usually is."

"And are you always ordered off after dinner to soothe him?"

"I—I wasn't ordered off. I like going."

Facing the book-shelf, she was doing her best to clear up the tears, and wondering how red her face was.

"Do you think," he went on, "that I wasn't as angry as you were?"

She gave up the attempt to hide the truth and looked at him with unconcealed gratitude.

* * * * *

Twenty minutes had passed, and Mr. Bland was still thinking.

"Mr. Bland, are you going to take all night?'

"Sorry," cried a distant voice from the darkness of the library. "Just coming. Much more difficult than I thought."

"Do hurry up!'

And in a minute he sauntered into the room. He was followed immediately by Winifred.

Mildred seemed surprised.

"Are the children asleep already?" she asked, haughtily.

Winifred showed no resentment. "Quite," she said, "they never were awake."

"I happened to find your cousin," said Mr. Bland, "and she helped me to think of something. She knows more about the game than I do."

"Oh," said Mildred, with some show of interest.

Mr. Bland and Winifred took their seats.

"Well, begin asking.'

"You begin, Miss Wareman," cried they all. "Show us how to do it."

Mildred had been strangely backward, but she obeyed and showed them how.

"Is it animal?"

Mr. Bland and Winifred looked at each other in doubt before deciding. "No."

"Is it vegetable?" "No."

"Is it mineral?" "No."

"But it must be something."

"Is it concrete?"

Again a doubt, but the answer was "No!"

"Is it abstract?"

"Well, I'm not clever, but I suppose so," said Mr. Bland.

"Has it any relation to anything animal?"

Winifred blushed. They both nodded. They supposed so.

"Has it any relation to human beings?"

"Oh, yes! certainly!"

"In this house?" "Yes."

"In this room?" "Yes!"

"How clever," they gasped, all of them.

"Has it got legs?" said Mr. Mervin, the young clerk, excitedly. Their silence chilled him.

"Whose mother-in-law is it?" said Capt. Winton.

"Improper question," said Mr. Bland with scorn.

"Mine or Mervin's?" asked the captain.

"Both. Go on, Miss Wareman."

"Yes, go on, dear," said Mrs. Wareman, "you were getting near to it."

Mildred went on. "Is it related to one person in this room?"

"Not only one person."

"To two persons?" "Yes."

"Both masculine?" "No."

"Both feminine?" 'No."

"Obviously one gentleman and one lady," said the captain.

"Hush!" said they all.

"Are they married?" said the captain.

For a fraction of a second Mr. Bland and Winifred looked at each other. "No."

Mildred caught Winifred's eye. Winifred was blushing a fiery red. Mildred became unusually white.

"Oh, we shall never find this out!" said Mildred. "Let's try another game.'

There was a chorus of dissent.

"Yes; not married."

"Going to be married?" said Mr. Mervin, who could not be repressed.

There was a pause. Mr. Bland looked round with a cheerful smile.

"This is getting interesting," said the captain. "You said they were not married."

Intense excitement. "Somebody going to be married. Oh, who is it?

Everybody looked at everybody else; but Winifred's eyes were on the ground. Mildred yearned to go outside and scream. But it wouldn't have done. Too many people in the house.

"I see how to get at it," cried Mr. Mervin '.Were the two people in this room 15 minutes ago?"

"No!"

"Aha!" Mr. Mervin lay back in triumph. Mrs. Wareman wore a dangerous smile, but he was blind. "I have it," he said, "the engagement between Mr. Bland and—"

"Winifred," said Mrs. Wareman, with a gasp.

Everybody was so happy and so pleased and so interested, and congratulations and good wishes and healths flowed as a great stream flows to the ocean.

Three only were silent. The hearts of Mrs. Wareman and Mildred were for the present too full for words. The thoughts came later.

"The gratitude of the poor," said Mrs. Gravier to herself as she found her carriage, "is a wonderful thing to contemplate."

THE PRESIDENT IN PORTO RICO.

Roosevelt—"You know, Uncle, I almost wish she were one of the family."

HARDLY A SUCCESS

MR. BIRDSALL'S EXPERIENCE WITH "WHIRLED EGGS."

Seemingly He Had Not Sufficient Expertness, and in His Wrath He Exclaimed Almost as David in His Haste.

All was peace in the Birdsall flat. The last of the five children had been put to bed, the last request for a drink of water had been silenced, and Mrs. Birdsall had come into the sitting room to sink down into a chair with a little tired sigh to take up the darning of the children's stockings. And now naught was heard save the crackle of Mr. Birdsall's paper as he adjusted his feet into a more comfortable position on the seat of another chair. Suddenly he took his feet down, shoved his spectacles up further on his nose, and cleared his throat.

"Ann, did you ever eat any whirled eggs?" he queried.

"Whirled eggs?" repeated Mrs. Birdsall. "No, I never did."

"Listen here, then," said Mr. Birdsall. He cleared his throat again and began to read:

"'There is a Turkish restaurant in New York where one may eat pilaffs, sherbets and saffron-colored goat stew, but the oddest dish the menu boasts is 'whirled eggs.' The impressive dish is prepared before the guest. When it is ordered a cook enters the dining room with a kind of sling in his hand—a little pot attached to the end of a leather cord. The man opens the eggs, seasons them, and shuts them up in the little pot. Then he whirls the pot at the end of its cord around his head at inconceivable speed. Round and round it spins. Its outlines become vague. It seems to smoke a little.

"Suddenly the man opens it and sets the eggs before the guest. They are beautifully scrambled and quite hot. The heat of their motion through the air is what has cooked them.

"'Thus,' exclaims the Turkish host, 'the eastern shepherds cook their eggs, whirling them in a sling like that wherewith David overcame the giant of Gath.' "

The next night Mr. Birdsall appeared at his home with a bundle under his arm.

"Henry, what are you fixing to do?" exclaimed Mrs. Birdsall.

"Do?" repeated Mr. Birdsall, "I'm going to whirl some eggs, that's what I'm going to do. No more of your fried eggs, and your poached eggs, and your boiled eggs for me. I'm going to have 'em whirled."

Mrs. Birdsall knew better than to interpose any objections, and went quietly on with her preparations for dinner while Mr. Birdsall was unwrapping his package.

In a few minutes he entered the dining room, swinging in his hand a pair of thongs, from which was suspended a small closed pot which bore some resemblance both to a censer and a sling.

"Gimme some eggs now," he ordered, as he broke into a cheerful whistle. Mrs. Birdsall brought three eggs and Mr. Birdsall looked almost gay as he broke them into the small pot.

"I wasn't any slouch with a sling in my boyhood days," he observed cheerfully as he gathered up the thongs in his hand, "and I have an idea that I can show a thing or two about whirling to Turks or any other dagoes. Here—move this table out of my way and gimme plenty of room. Keep the children back there, and don't come inside the door yourself while I am whirling. It may take me a moment or two to get the right swing again."

Mr. Birdsall fitted the cover on the top of the pot, grasped the thongs, and slowly began to whirl the apparatus. Gradually he lifted his hand and put more power into his wrist till he had attained considerable speed. Round and round sped the pot, the thongs giving out a low, humming sound, which gradually became higher and higher as the speed increased. Mr. Birdsall stuck manfully at his task till the revolving pot became a circular blur above his head and the drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead.

Suddenly there was a loud pop. Mrs. Birdsall entered the room shrieking. The top of the pot crashed through the dining room window. The body of the pot veered around and landed, with a resounding whack on the back of Mr. Birdsall's neck. One of the thongs had evidently broken.

Mr. Birdsall dropped his apparatus and stared in dazed fashion at his wife, who was removing a sticky, yellow mass from her face with her apron. On a level with his head, the four walls of the room were decorated with a broad, spattered yellow band, from which little yellow drops were slowly trickling down the flowered wallpaper. The back of Mr. Birdsall's neck was streaming raw yellow egg and raw egg was spattered freely over the carpeted floor.

Mr. Birdsall stood speechless and aghast for a moment, and seemed unable to find words. His wife gazed at him with frightened eyes. Then Mr. Birdsall's countenance became suffused with rage.

"Ann," he howled, "the fellow who wrote that yarn was an infernal liar!"

For Flat Dwellers.

"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," quoted his wife.

"No," rejoined her husband, "but it keeps about nine-tenths of that busy trying to find out."

FANCIES of FASHION

In Dresden and Other Ribbons

MANY DAINTY AND INEXPENSIVE NOVELTIES.

Many Are Cheap, But the Real Lover of Pretty Things May Decide to Make Some for Herself.

Seldom has there been such a varied array of dainty and inexpensive ribbon novelties as are presented this year.

In many cases it will not repay the needle woman to make them, for they are almost as cheap as she could fashion them at home. On the other hand, there are others which she desires to make as examples of her needlecraft and because she wants to give them a more personal touch.

While varied styles of ribbon are employed there is a particular liking for Dresden ribbons in rather large, splashy florals, and with a colored satin edge, which are very frequently combined with a plain color.

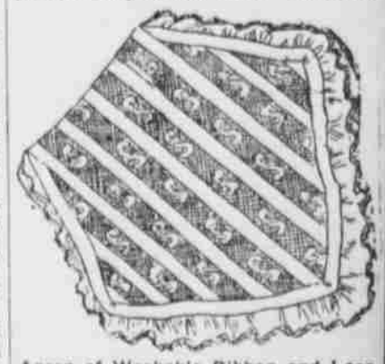
There is a certain delicacy about Dresden florals in their misty hues which instinctively appeal to one's artistic sense, hence their extreme vogue.

The very newest hat pin holder,

Attractive Case for Hair Pins.

which to my mind is more attractive than the long vial, is the circular one with center of wire netting and a large full ruffle of plain satin ribbon, a sunflower for all the world. These are sold for 25 cents apiece. To describe this pretty novelty in detail we must confess that the center is but an humble tea strainer, the handle extending upright and so forming a support on which it may be hung. Within it is placed a little cushion filled with cotton and covered with flowered silk or silkoline. The pins are easily thrust through the wire and so held in place.

A medicine glass cover is another pretty and practical trifle. To make



Apron of Washable Ribbon and Lace.

it cut a circle of cardboard slightly larger than the top of a tumbler and cover this with a piece of figured silkoline, lawn or silk, first padding it with a layer of cotton wadding. Line with a piece of plain material and cover 16 one-half-inch brass rings with single crochet done in silk the same color as the lining. Sew one of these to the top of the circle for a handle and join the remaining 15 in a ring, sewing them to the edge of the cardboard.

A very pretty daisy emery is made of 16 inches of white ribbon knotted every two inches and sewed in loops around a yellow emery, so that a knot comes in the center of each loop, there being eight in all. A few flower stamens and pistils are sewed inside these loops with several loops of green ribbon at the back.

That each accessory may have a little snuggery of its own, such as veils, collars and kerchiefs, a variety of cases especially adapted for the purpose are temptingly displayed.

Few Feet Are Perfect in Shape

Shoes Worn Are to Blame For Many Malformations.

It is a rare thing nowadays—a perfect foot. To compare the foot of an infant with that of an adult of mature years makes it difficult to believe that both started out as the same organ. Our shoes have played havoc with these members.

To be perfect a foot is hollowed out well, inside and out. It has a high instep, short heel and long toes, slightly spatulated at the end. A rare point of beauty is the hollow on the outside of the foot.

Shoemakers pay too little attention to the conformation of their shoes to the arch, an important problem, for the arch is a series of bones which extend to the toes and joints. In walking, this part of the foot gives the spring and impetus for the next step. It is a wonderful mechanism which can be put entirely out of proper working order by improperly made shoes.

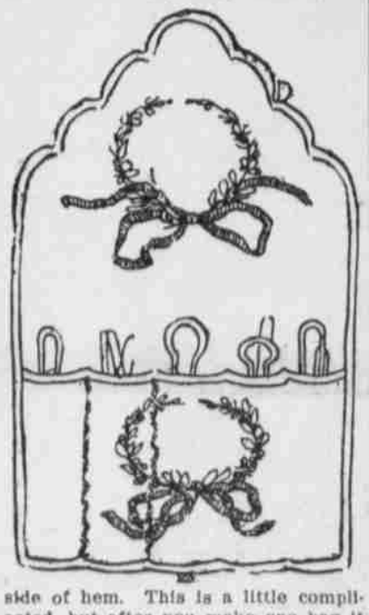
The racial characteristics of the foot are as pronounced as those of the face. The Frenchwoman has an entirely different shaped foot from that of the flat-footed English woman. The Swedish woman's broad foot is in marked contrast to the American woman's foot, with its high instep.

Feet too small for the figure are a deformity and a woman who totters around on number twos when she ought to wear number fours, is deforming her feet, spoiling her look and trifling with her temper.

For Making Dainty Work Bag

What Can Be Done With Cretonne and Simple Trimmings.

This requires 27 inches of cretonne yard wide. This will make two bags by cutting lengthwise. Buy two pairs of six-inch embroidery hoops without the felt if you can find them; turn a two and one-half inch hem at each end of material, putting the hoop in



side of hem. This is a little complicated, but after you make one bag it will come easy. Now make a little hem down four inches on each side from hoop. This will leave seven inches on each side. Gather this up, using very large stitches. Of course both sides must be made alike. Cover the gathering with a covered mould and bow, then wind both hoops with ribbon, a little more than half way and make a bow where the ribbon and cretonne join. It requires three and one-half yards of five-inch ribbon. These bags are very pretty and can be used for soiled handkerchief work and dust bags, and are pretty made of silk and scrim, but in either case ought to be lined, as the material is so flimsy. Small figures look best in either case.

To Make Shells.

These should be made of one shell each, rolled out in circular form to spread over the bottom, sides and edges of buttered dishes or patty pans and baked empty. They are best when made of puff paste, though they may be made of ordinary paste.

They should be rolled rather thin and need about an hour's baking.

The oven should be rather quick and of even heat throughout so that the paste will be even and not draw to one side or warped in cooking.

The shells should be baked of a light brown and when cool they may be taken out of the dishes in which they were baked and put upon plates to be filled with fruit or oysters.

Shells of puff paste rise best when baked on flat patty pans or tins. When cool, pile the sweetmeats on them in a heap. Baking them empty prevents the paste from being moist on the bottom.

Beauty Measurements.

A perfectly formed woman should stand at the height of from five feet three to five feet seven inches, and will weigh from 125 to 140 pounds.

A plumb line dropped from a point marked by the tip of her nose will fall at a point one inch in front of the great toe. Her shoulders and hips will strike a straight line drawn up and down.

Her bust should measure from 34 to 36 inches; her hips from eighteen inches more than this, and her waist should be from 22 to 28 inches in circumference.

The upper arm of this perfect woman will end at her waist line. Her neck should be from 12 to 14 inches in circumference.